

Brooklyn, Aug. 19, 1836.

Dear Knapp:

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What do you think brother Henry reports of you? In his last letter he says - "I have written to Knapp, time and again; but I might as well address my letter to a State's prison convict, and look for an answer." There's a panegyric for you! and, diffident as you are, you will not acknowledge it to be unmerited. I can praise you on the same score - for not a word can I extort from you, except through the medium of our obliging bro. Burleigh. Why, what a horror of goose-quills, black ink and white paper you must cherish! Don't you lament that you have learnt to write your name? How much easier it is to make one's mark, you know! What a pity it is that "reading and writing comes by nature"! I, too, have a sort of repugnance to scribbling - ~~for~~ ~~that~~ I catch the disease ~~from you~~, or ~~you of me~~. So far as your delinquency toward me is concerned, I readily excuse you: but poor bro. Henry being sick now, silence, after he has made an effort to hold a correspondence with you, had to be borne. Do try to send him at least a few lines soon: they will be the more valuable for being rare. You know, or ought to know, that he esteems highly; and now that he is cut off from society on account of his sickness, the smallest item of intelligence from any of his friends must be very acceptable. - You can tell him many things about Boston, and Boston folks, which nobody else can, and which would interest him very much. He writes that he is now somewhat better: but his dreadful cough still keeps the mastery over him, and I fear it will never be eradicated except by death. Still, I will not yet despair of his recovery - surprising cures are sometimes effected in cases which are hopeless. How would it answer for him to take a trip to the West Indies before winter sets in? -

I suppose he has sent you some account of his tour to Philadelphia, and settlement with friend Duffus. I think he managed the case with great judgment, and fairness, and is therefore deserving of even something more than our thanks. The dear youth! how I yearn to see him again restored to health.

It seems to me, - judging at the distance of 80 miles, - that our Board of Managers in Boston did not take a wise step, by adopting and publishing such strong resolutions respecting the petty disturbance (if it amounted even to that) in the case of the two colored females claimed as slaves. Such a course made the affair look formidable, and tended rather to encourage our enemies to "magnify a mole-hill into a mountain," than to abate their patriotic indignation. But it is too late to recall the too-rash action, though not too late to get a moral from

On Sabbath evening last, I went to Pomfret with May, who delivered an excellent address on "Slavery in El-Brown's meeting-house to an audience respectable in number and appearance, and apparently much interested. - There I obtained a new subscriber for the Libr. Send his paper as follows - George Lyon, Pomfret, Ct." Commence with last Saturday's paper. He paid \$2.00 for one year, which I enclose.

Here is another - Russell Green, West Thompson, Ct. - for six months, from next paper, Aug. 20 - paid \$1.00, herewith enclosed.

Don't neglect sending these papers immediately. - Mr. Dan'l Green of Killingly Centre informs me, that sometime ago he had a journeyman by the name of Arnold working with him who took the Liberator, and had it directed to Green and Arnold. Arnold has left him, and Mr. Green is inclined to suspect that he did not settle for the paper. If

he did not, he says he will do so, and I suppose will continue to take the paper, if it is yet sent to him — so, if you will make out the bill for what is due, (provided there is any thing due,) and send it to me in the bundle, I will get you the money..

The day before yesterday, Almira Grandrall, (sister of Prudence,) now Mrs. Rand, made us a visit with her husband from New-York. Her health is not very good. She seems to have been fortunate in marriage, as Mr. R. is quite a pleasant, gentle and handsome looking man, and is doing very well as a school teacher. Prudence is expected home in the course of a fortnight. She ~~is~~ very happy with Mr. Phillips, Almira says. Then she made happy very easily, I think. We shall all be glad to see her.

Yesterday, I rode with father to Dr. Green's at Plainfield. We had a delightful time, and such an occurrence as a pleasure. It was quite a phenomenon in his old age. You know I ~~want~~ very particular to request you to send a dozen extra copies of the Liberator to Dr. Green, when you insert his obituary piece signed Woolman, a few numbers back. He ~~said~~ he ~~wanted~~ that he did not receive them. I hope you will not ~~want~~ to do so, at once — and if you cannot spare a dozen ~~now~~, send as many as you can conveniently. They will be sent to individuals of some consequence in the Society of Friends, and will doubtless benefit the paper. Send them to the same Post Office to which his paper is regularly sent — Centre Village I believe, though I am not sure.

Fried Lucy has made a neat book of E.M. Chandler's writings — I shall notice it next week. As it is excellent to present as a token of esteem, I send you two dollars for which forward me four copies in the bundle, and charge

remaining to ch. to me. I wish to give them away to certain friends.

I have been cherishing the hope that bro. May would consent to embark in our cause again as a general agent — but, on account of his family, he says he has concluded to accept of a call which he has had to be settled over a congregation

Mr. G. A. Knapp,

P. O. Boston, Mass.

Wm. L. May

in Scituate. All the friends will be sorry to learn this fact — I hope he will yet yield to our united entreaties. If bro. Weld is in Boston, get him to converse with bro. all. on the subject.

A few days since, I wounded my leg very severely, by jumping from a stone-wall, and striking against a sharp stump. It pains me continually, and will prove troublesome. None I could write & I had time and room. — The Sabbath question seems to make a stir. — Yours, affec. W. L. Garrison.